





# DIE LEERE MITTE

*Random Access Journal*

B E R L I N

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30°C  $\rightarrow$  52.4802743  $\rightarrow$  13.5441468  
.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



## DIE LEERE MITTE

### *Guidelines*

**Broadly accepted:** Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

**Texts:** poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

**Visual:** 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

submissions: [leeremittemag@gmail.com](mailto:leeremittemag@gmail.com)

home: <https://leserpent.wordpress.com/category/dlm/>

twitter: @LeereMitte

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Nico Vassilakis : *There is nothing you*

So many double agents have gone

I just respond better to people

The soundtrack of tonal inflection and guitars

Talking, talking around me

Man is meant to have arguments

If you think too long, you think wrong

Something about audio metaphors

That structure there goes like this and this and this –  
I thought I invented that

They steal big computers. The devil is in the moon and has  
large wings.

The devils go anywhere

My fingers don't say anything.  
My fingers don't talk

Not very Jerry  
Not very obbligate

There's a science to openness

One of these lucky days I'll be dead  
One of these lucky days will change everything

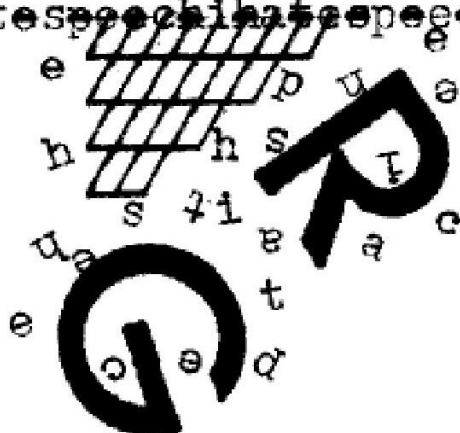
He attracted some attention when he found the fourth  
dimension

Agendas in forms of seeing.  
To weaponize seeing and cajoling with radical statistics

Putting yourself in a position to see things.  
Different things. To see differences, slight variations of the  
original

It starts with one person taking a leap and another person  
catching that person.  
Over and over, taking turns till the impulse to leap softens and  
quiet engulfs all

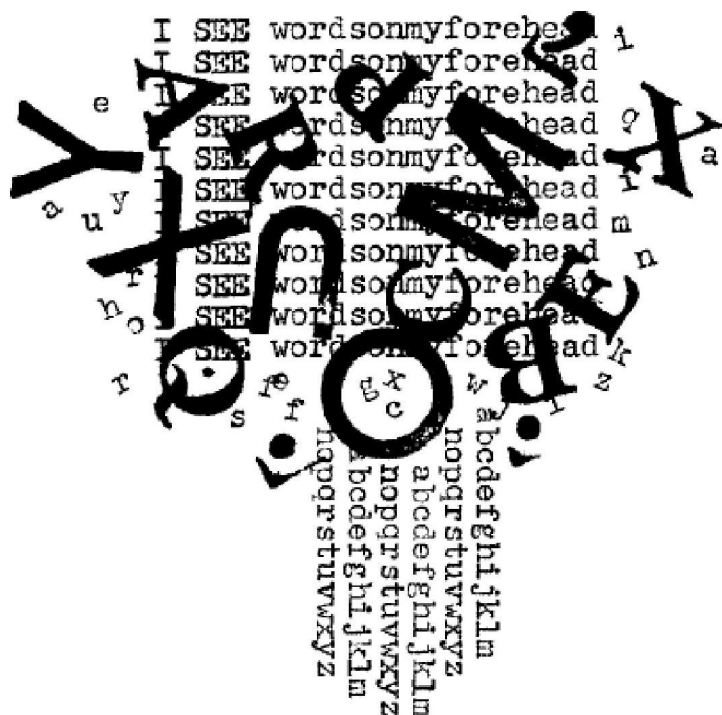
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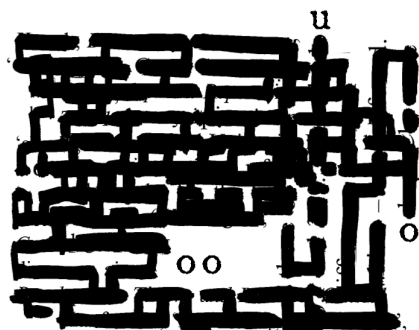
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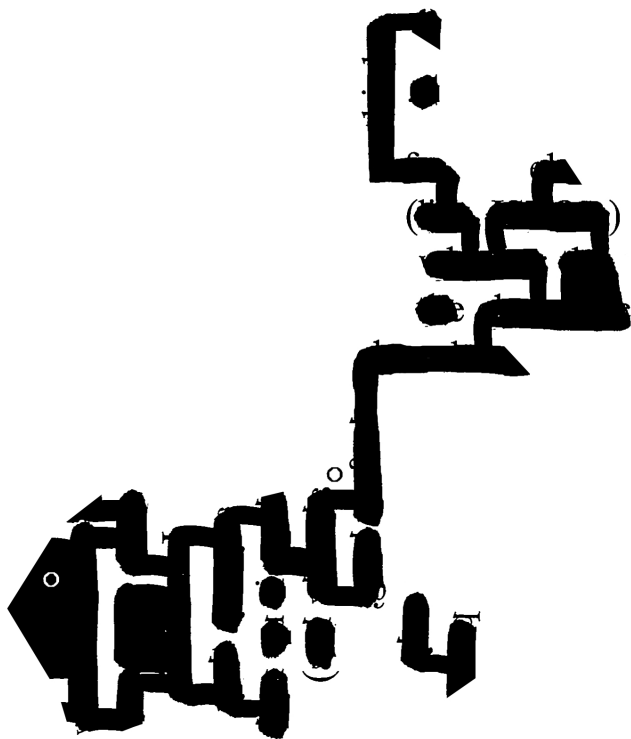


but in things  
but in things  
but in things  
but in things  
but in things  
but in things  
but in things  
but in things  
no ideas but in things

David Kjellin : *Float 1*







Erin Honeycutt : *I am in the garden*

Ethiopia is a month  
in january  
mexico is a month  
in january  
october is a month  
in hong kong  
japan is in the spring  
rome is in a  
month in fall  
i am in the garden  
by the herons  
i am in the garden  
by the peacocks  
i am in the garden  
by the egrets  
i am in the garden  
by the ravens  
i am in the garden  
by the pheasants

cave of birthdays,  
every wondersome  
being happy  
tomorrow, Thursday.  
we airmake to  
religion, trying  
to discover  
what hand  
can hand a  
story by the cocks  
names for white  
birds in Arabic  
after the pantomime  
looking anyway  
at the shuffle  
diagonal way  
to fall into  
crevices of  
making tiny  
ways to fall into  
making tiny pots  
ways to fall into  
making tiny leaves  
ways to fall into  
faking tiny plants  
ways to fall into  
making tiny cacti  
ways to fall into  
ways to fall into  
ways to fall into  
making the into world  
making the into world

making the into world  
musical of music  
lime samfestingar  
statue of liberty  
a hue of green  
ways to fall into



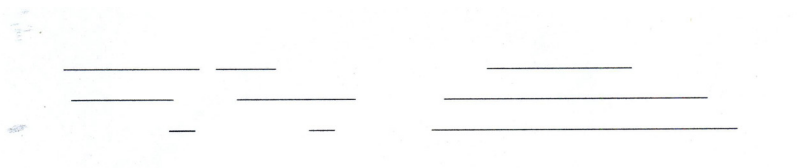
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T U L I P  
L I T U P

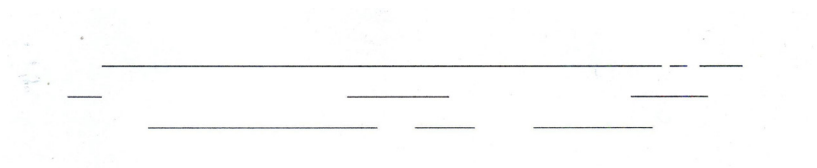
Elmedin Kadric : *To get her*[illegible]

Tommasina Bianca Squadrito : *Monituli pare*

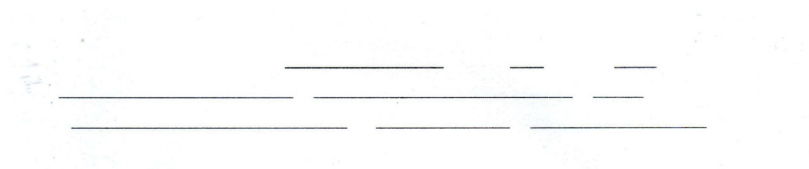
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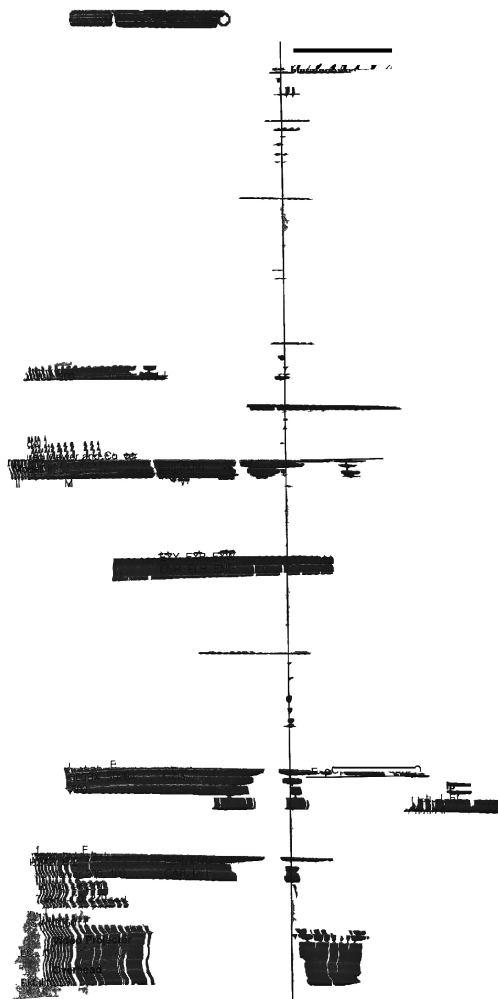


«Nella \_ mia\_ Officina lavoro a\_ una\_ *Calligrafia senza scrittura*\_\_\_\_  
È una Calligrafia a più Dimensioni\_ un Vuoto\_\_ Una Memoria\_  
trasparente\_ umile e\_ audace\_\_\_\_ Con un Segno vibrante\_ rit-  
mico\_ che\_ diventa Tratto\_ radica le\_ Parole in un\_ Pensiero-  
non Pensiero\_\_\_\_ Partendo dal Cammino\_ dai Passi\_\_ Entrando\_  
nelle Lettere\_\_\_\_ Scarnifico la T\_ la M\_ la S\_\_ Le apro\_ le  
vedo\_ le esploro\_ le penso per abitarle\_\_\_\_ In questi Spazi\_  
i Colori sono\_ Esperienze\_ i Punti sono\_ estesi\_\_\_\_ La Ten-  
sione è\_ continua nei\_ Movimenti del Passaggio\_ del Respiro\_  
dell’Affondo\_ del Riposo\_ della Lotta\_\_\_\_ Abbraccio\_ sento un  
Pensiero\_\_ in modo che i Nodi \_ scritti\_ possano\_ indicare \_ i  
Sensi delle\_\_ Parole\_ Il loro\_ Radicamento\_ nella\_ Reciprocità  
dei\_\_ nostri Rapporti\_ nelle Molecole\_ del nostro\_\_ Stare\_\_\_\_  
Attraverso Chine\_ Fotografie\_ Microvideo\_ Installazioni e Per-  
formance che\_ interrogano l’Ambiente\_ e\_ le Persone coinvolte\_  
ho sviluppato alcune\_ Ricerche\_ e\_ loro hanno\_ trovato\_ Me\_  
tra cui *Stato ai Luoghi*\_\_ Una Performance di Incontri a\_ Palermo  
e\_ in Repubblica Ceca\_\_ *Monituliappare*\_\_ Immagini del verbo  
Monituliappare\_\_ Fare della\_ Realtà\_ frammentata\_ un’Apertura  
in \_ Vuoti che\_ liberano\_ Linee\_ rette\_ parallele\_\_\_\_ E\_ ultima\_  
Sia *Rbaria Achidi* \_ per \_ salvare alcuni\_ Punti\_ vestendoli di\_\_  
Suono\_\_\_\_ Mi\_ aspetto Tutto\_\_ Ringrazio\_ le Linee\_\_\_\_»

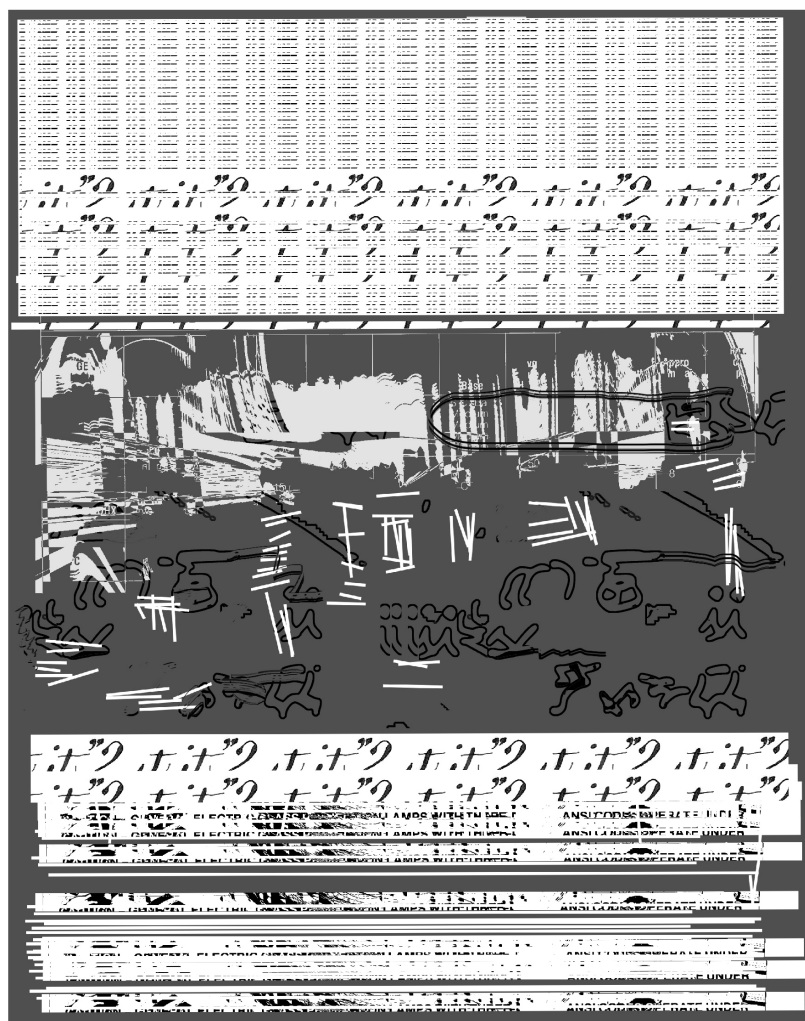
Tommasina Bianca Squadrito

[First appeared in «Istanti» n.12, March 2014.]

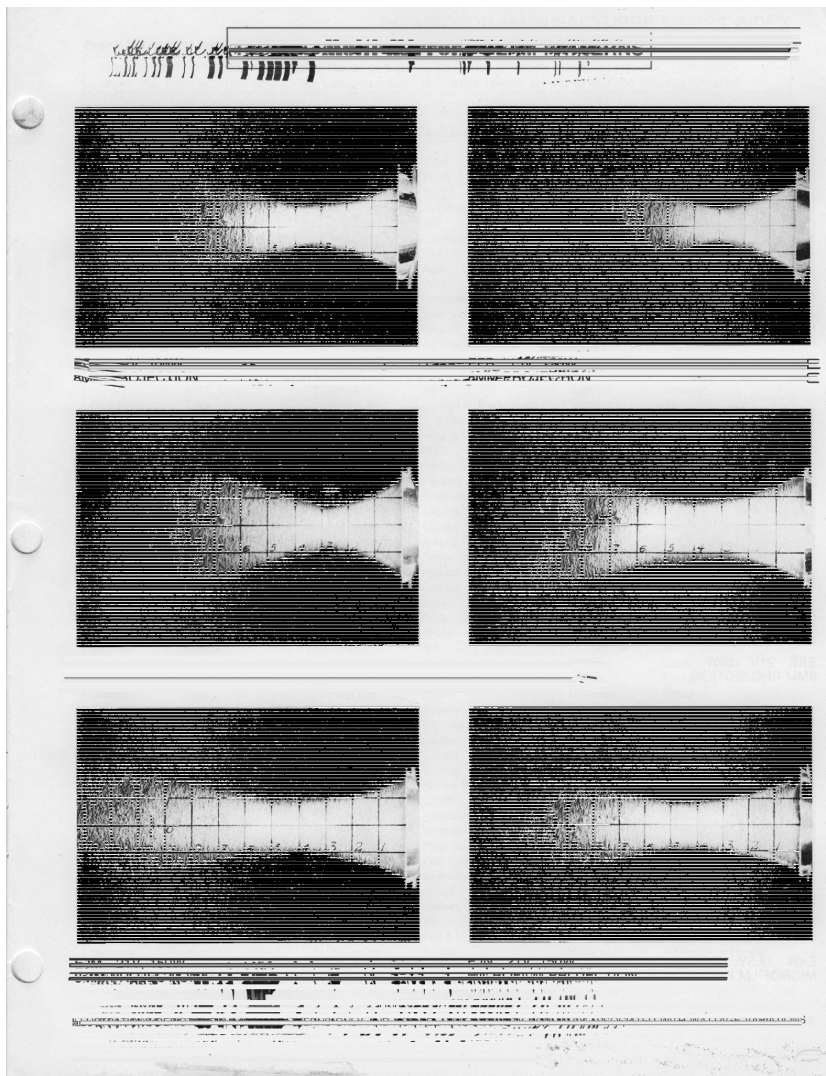
Rosaire Appel : *Projection Lamp Catalog 1*



# Rosaire Appel : *Projection Lamp Catalog 2*



# Rosaire Appel : *Projection Lamp Catalog 3*





Alegria Imperial : *un-weighed*

*a river of feet rumbles into my stare*

against furious bands  
of whiteness *the flow*

no winking pebbles or snouts that sigh  
ageing suns *unmoved*

threaded light poised to swarm  
my breast *heaves and dips*

on wind-stirred copper leaves  
a papery moonset *the soundless roar*

i ram fear-gripped through  
barricades *to eternity*

your bath's steaming a wind-whisper  
the turn to *a drizzle-in-cups*

hands that scrape my skin detritus of  
altered states *her words*

the depths of my being wash into a mud pool  
sheathed-thorns in dregs

*un-weighed*

Alegria Imperial : *a spy's report*

of what's found

sifting caked soil on cracked soles

censured senses

*rambling words*

many-a-nights' worth

a window's bared innards

*tin-laughter*

threadbare birch stray moons

unhinged

*poked chords*

julienned clouds racing pumped-up eyes

on galaxies

*a restless whirring*

stilled in pools for divination

mud crabs crawl

*into naked ears*

I, a witness, to the fall of cotton-souls

in place of death count

*crosses of missing limbs*

nameless sums

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